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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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POETRY.

AT SET OF SUN.

If we sit down at set of sun
And count the things that we have done,
And counting find
One self-denying act, one word
That eased the heart of him that heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine where it went,
Then we may count the day well spent.
But if through all the live-long day
We've ceased no heart by yea nor nay;
If through it all
We've done no thing that we can trace,
That brought the sunshine to a face,
No act most small,
That helped some soul, and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.

STORY TELLER.

AFTER MANY YEARS.

"I'm growing old," said Miss Kate Carter, as she took a survey of herself in the little looking glass that hung in her third story back room in a second-rate boarding house of New York. "Yes, I'm getting along; gray hairs and crow's feet." And a very audible sigh escaped Miss Carter.

She was getting old, and there was no use in denying it. Miss Carter was on the wrong side of forty, and yet she was still a good-looking woman. A fair complexion, setting aside a few wrinkles, soft looking brown eyes that were good to look at, barring the crow's feet, and a heavy suit of nut-brown hair, with a few gray hairs mingled, which was all ways worn in the most severe plainness, but which became her style, constituted her chief claims to good looks.

Miss Carter taught music for a livelihood, and hard enough work it was of times. But still she managed to get along well and to have something left over with which to help her poorer neighbors. It was evident to the most casual observer that Miss Carter had seen better times. Her ladylike bearing, and her courtesy to all, caused those who came in contact with her to feel intuitively that they were in the presence of a lady. General opinion for once was correct.

Twenty years previous to the time that Miss Carter had remarked that she was growing old, she was the petted and only daughter of Henry Carter, a wealthy Georgia planter. Twenty years back, and the first faint rumblings of the civil war were beginning to disturb our fair land.

There was no fairer spot in the whole South than the Carter plantation. It was a model of neatness, and the lash and the bloodthirsty hounds were strangers to the negro quarters. Not a slave of Henry Carter's but who would have laid down his life for "Massa Henry and young Mississ." Mr. Carter had been dead some months before the outbreak of the war, and Mr. Carter and Kate were thus left to rely more than ever before upon each other.

Kate Carter at twenty-one was the beauty and belle for miles around. Naturally she had hosts of admirers, but none among them touched her heart. She had refused a score of good offers, and the eligible young men of the neighborhood had put her down as a coquette.

Like all others, though, her fate came when she was the least expecting it. And like most girls, she had her ideal. (What a pity, though, that the real does not bear out the ideal!) Just a few weeks before war was declared between the North and South, Mr. Carter went on a business trip to Atlanta, and on his return brought home with him, as a guest, the handsome son of an old Alabama planter and school-mate friend.

Edward Armitage had often heard of the beauty of Kate Carter, and the desire to see this conqueror of men's hearts, coupled with the fact that it would be a pleasant visit, led him to accept Mr. Carter's pressing invitation. The "Glades," as Mr. Carter's plantation was called, was reached shortly before dusk, and as the carriage drove up to the door, Kate, not noticing the stranger, sprang into her father's arms to welcome him home. After the greetings between father and daughter were over, Mr. Carter introduced Edward Armitage at the same time, saying:

"Kate, my invincible, don't you break Edward's heart!"

"Oh, I guess it belongs to some Alabama beauty, father! Am I not right, Mr. Armitage?"

"No, Miss Carter, I am happy to say that I am heart-whole and fancy free, or rather was until I saw you; but I must bow at the shrine of beauty now, said Edward in the same light way."

"Well, upon my word! It won't take you two long to progress in love-

making at that rate," spoke up Mr. Carter. "Come, Edward; I'll have you shown to your room, and you can take the travel stains off, then we'll enjoy our supper."

With these words he led the way into doors.

Calling a servant, Edward was shown to his room, and while he was making his toilet a pair of soft, brown eyes, haunted him.

"Upon my soul," said he to himself, "I believe it's a case of love at first sight with me."

The first evening of Edward's visit soon passed away, with music and conversation, and when he retired, he thought he had never spent a pleasant evening.

Kate, in the privacy of her chamber, was thinking of the pleasant evening also, and wondering why she had felt so awkward, and blushed so every time Edward Armitage addressed a word to her.

Days flew on, one much like the other with the exception that the close of each saw these two more deeply in love.

One day, about two weeks after Edward's arrival at the Glades, he sought Mr. Carter in his library, and in few words asked permission of the old gentleman to win Kate for his wife.

"Upon my word, Edward, you surely don't mean to say you have so soon succumbed to my fair Kate's charms? Why, only think, my boy, you have known her but two short weeks."

"Mr. Carter, I could not risk my happiness in better hands than hers."

"I judge, from the manner in which you have approached me, that you have not spoken to Kate."

"No, Sir, I have said nothing as yet, preferring to have your permission to address her."

"I am glad of that, as I wish you to write to your father and get his consent also. Not that I have any doubt as to what his answer will be; but we are both a little old-fashioned, and I know it will please him."

"Very well, Mr. Carter, I will send by this evening's mail, and I think you more than most words can express for the great privilege you have you given me."

Edward at once repaired to his room, where in a long letter he acquainted his father with Kate's charms and good qualities, and wound up by asking his consent to bring her to the old homestead as his wife, if he could be so fortunate as to secure her hand.

Three days later his father wrote him that he had his full consent to marry. Further, that the war clouds were thickening, and he had best return home within a week, to make arrangements for an immediate marriage, but wait until the trouble was over.

Edward soon sought out Kate, and found her in a little arbor at the back of the house. In eloquent words he pleaded his cause, and thought his happiness complete when Kate demurely confessed that she loved him.

But sadness came when she learned that he was so soon to leave her, to be absent for such an uncertain time.

While they were conversing as only lovers can, they were startled by a call from Mr. Carter, whom they saw standing on the piazza, excitedly waving a paper over his head. As soon as he caught sight of Edward he called: "War has been declared, Edward! Come in and read what the paper has to say."

They walked quickly to the house, and Edward, giving a hasty glance at the paper, turned to Kate and said:

"My darling, I must leave you sooner than I anticipated. War has indeed been declared. I must be off at once. Mr. Carter, there is little time for a long interview. Kate has consented to be my wife as soon as this trouble is over, if God spares us. There is father's letter; you can read it at your leisure. Now, if you can let me have a carriage to post to Atlanta to catch the evening train, I can be home and at work in the morning."

Half an hour later the sorrowing lovers had parted. Kate stood with tearful eyes on the piazza looking after the carriage which contained her lover, until she could see him no more, and then, woman-like, went upstairs to her room to enjoy a good cry.

Time passed on. Kate received letters from Edward as regularly as possible. He was at the front, as was her father. At last came a letter from Edward telling her of her father's death—shot down, while leading his regiment to an attack. Then the letters grew less frequent, until finally came one announcing his pro-

motion to colonel. Then horror of horrors! the Atlanta paper contained an account of a battle, and among the killed was Col. Ed. Armitage, a promising young officer, who had only been promoted a short time before for gallant conduct. Letters there came none. She wrote to old Mr. Armitage, only to receive confirmation of the newspaper item.

Finally came Sherman's march through Georgia. The Glades mansion was burned to the ground. Kate was homeless. Then the end of the war. Finding herself almost penniless, she sold the plantation, and with the proceeds, which only amounted to a few thousand dollars, went to New York. There she deposited her money with her father's former broker. In the course of a few months she had managed to get a few scholars, and she was fast burying her sorrow in her work. To add to her misfortunes, the broker with whom she had put her money failed, and his creditors did not realize five cents on the dollar. She thought indeed her troubles were many, but she never despaired.

Kate kept up her Southern ties by corresponding with a few old Georgia friends. She learned through one of them of the death of old Mr. Armitage, some ten years after she had come to New York, in extreme poverty. With tears in her eyes she thought of Edward.

And now we return to Miss Carter in her third-story back room in New York. It was a portion of her leisure time, and while her fingers were busy sewing, her mind was running back over the long years since Edward and she had parted. She had never been able to quite believe in his death; and yet, even supposing he was alive, he was probably married to some one else. Men forget so soon. But why these foolish thoughts? Had not old Mr. Armitage written that Edward had been killed in that awful charge he made at the head of his men?

"Yes, I am growing old, and I am glad, for my journey will be over the sooner," said she, speaking half aloud.

At that moment a knock sounded at her door, and in answer to her gentle "Come in," Mrs. Phipps, the landlady entered.

Now Mrs. Phipps was outside the general run of boarding-house keepers. She was a motherly little woman, about Miss Carter's own age. A widow, and one who had seen her full share of this world's vexations. Her heart was filled with love for her fellows, and though her establishment was rated as a second-class boarding-house, she was all that could be desired. She was fully acquainted with Kate's history, and many an hour they had spent together in sad conversation about their loved dead.

"Kate," she exclaimed, as she came in, "are you busy?"

"No, indeed, Mrs. Phipps; come in and sit down; I can keep on with my sewing," answered Kate.

Talking upon trivial matters for a few moments, Mrs. Phipps branched out with:

"Kate, have you never thought that Col. Armitage might not have been killed as reported?"

"Why, that is strange, Mrs. Phipps; I was thinking of him when you came, and wondering if it were possible for him to have escaped; but no; if he had I should certainly have heard from him, unless he had married some one else and forgotten me; but I believe Edward was as true as steel."

"So do I," replied Mrs. Phipps. "Indeed, I know it, Kate."

"You know it? What do you mean?" said Kate, excitedly.

"Kate, can you bear good news?"

"Yes, yes! Don't keep me in suspense. Is Edward alive?"

"Yes—alive and well, and now downstairs waiting to see you."

But the last words did not reach Kate's ears. She was in a dead swoon. Mr. Phipps snatched a bottle of hartshorn from the dressing case, and hastily ringing the bell, set about restoring Kate. To the maid of all work who answered the summons she said:

"Ellen, show the gentleman that is in the parlor up here instantly."

"Yes'm," answered Ellen, and she was gone.

In a few seconds Edward Armitage had Kate's head resting on his knee, while he chafed her cold hands.

"Poor girl! It was too sudden for her," he said to Mrs. Phipps.

Presently Kate began to show signs of consciousness. Her eyelids quivered, a sigh escaped her, and the word "Edward!" fell from her lips.

"I never received a scratch during

those three years, until at the battle of C— I was, it seemed to me, riddled with shot, as I was leading my men to the assault of the Union breast-works. I fell, and from that moment lost consciousness. The next I remember, I was in a hospital ward. There I grew stronger, and was finally discharged. But I had no money, and weak from my prison fare, fell ill again. When I left there, I had to search for employment, and then I commenced making what proved to be fruitless inquiries as to the fate of father and you. Discouraged at last, I finally went West, and there rapidly amassed wealth. About four years ago, I heard through a friend in Selma that you were dead. I had been keeping up a search for you all those years. Then I gave up. Some three months ago the fever grew on me to revisit the home of my old childhood, and, if possible, buy it back. I did so, and succeeded in regaining the old place. Going to your old home, I was surprised to meet Mrs. McPherson. She was thunderstruck, and told me you had all thought me dead. Imagine my surprise and delight when I learned that you were alive and well! I procured your address, took the first train for New York, and here I am now. Now, without more ado, Kate, we will just get quietly married and return to Alabama, there to end our days in peace and plenty."

In the next day's *Herald* was the following notice:

"ARMITAGE-CARTER. On July 17, 18— by the Rev. W. H. Jones, at the parsonage of St. James Church, Edward Armitage, of Hermitage, Alabama, to Katherine Carter, of the Glades, Georgia. No cards."

Thus were two lives made happy after many years.

Pneumonia.

To reach reliable conclusions respecting the most important diseases, the experience of many observers in different localities need to be compared. Medical books and magazines furnish comparisons to some extent, as do the frequent medical meetings, with their papers and discussions. But the end is being reached in a more systematic and thorough way in England. Thus, in the case of acute pneumonia, reports have been received by a central committee of over one thousand cases from four hundred and eighty observers. These were put in charge of a sub-committee, to arrange, and to reduce from them what may be looked on as established results. The following we have gathered out of them, and here present as a brief summary:

1. While pneumonia is apt to be connected with bronchial and catarrhal affections, this is by no means invariable. We take this to mean that it will occur without any symptoms of a "cold."

2. Pneumonia often attacks more than one member of a family at time. This we suppose may be interpreted as either indicating a common sense, or an infectious character of the disease.

3. When it is unusually prevalent, the rate of mortality from it is exceptionally low.

4. Defective drainage and sewer gas poison may both cause it, and favor its spread; but such cases are neither specially severe nor mortal.

5. Alcoholic excess is often the exciting cause of it. When so caused, it is the most fatal form of the disease.

6. Next to alcoholic poison, the most unfavorable conditions for it are fatigue and mental depression.

7. The disease may be infectious; be communicated to those who are in intimate and prolonged connection with it—as nurses and bed-fellows. Still, it is not infectious as ordinarily seen.

8. One attack predisposes to a second attack; but the patient is as likely to survive it as the first. In rare instances there is a third attack.

9. It does not tend to terminate in consumption, even when the patient belongs to a consumptive family. Such a one recovers as rapidly and as thoroughly as others.

10. When death occurs it is most commonly on the sixth, seventh, eighth and tenth days.

11. There are seldom any sequelae—other ailments—as a consequent.

12. Primary pneumonia is sudden in its onset, and is due to some chill and exposure. It has all the character of an acute inflammation, with a marked tendency to spontaneous recovery. It is largely dependent on meteorological changes, such as induce other forms of lung inflammation.—*Youth's Companion*.

Moral Courage.

Every one admires the bravery of a soldier who in battle marches up to the loaded cannon without flinching, and yet what does such courage amount to? It is merely brute courage, and almost every man could do likewise if he knew that the eyes of his comrades were on him, and that if he faltered an instant they would treat him with contempt. The hope of applause keeps the soldier's courage up. He wishes to win fame, but then won fame too often proves like the "apples of Sodom"—pleasant to the eye, but full of ashes when plucked. As Gray says:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

But there is another kind of courage far better than physical courage: It is moral courage. It does not win applause as quickly as physical courage, but when it does win praise, the praise is worth having. It is hard to go against the wishes of one's friends, but sometimes it is necessary. One may think differently from those with whom one is thrown in contact, and then he should stand by his opinions cost what it may. But suppose all his friends agree to boycott him unless he yields? Bah! They will not do it if he is firm, and even if they are so narrow minded as to do it, he can afford to lose their friendship. It is not worth having; they do not really care for him, all they care for is to have their own way. If he yields they will use his influence, and when they have gained their point they will fling him aside as unceremoniously as one does a cigar stump. Whereas, if he is firm, they may forsake him for a while but in the end they return. The old Latin proverb "*Vox populi vox Dei*"

"The voice of the people is the voice of God," is a great humbug. People are like wolves when they get in a crowd,—good at howling in a pack, but good at little else. Brains and moral courage are apt to win in the end, although opposed by great odds at the start.

In one of Miss Edgeworth's novels there is a case which illustrates great moral courage with a dash of physical courage too. During one of England's wars with France, the crew of an English man-of-war rose in revolt against their officers, and put all except one young lieutenant on shore, and then set sail, intending to sail the ocean blue as pirates. A storm arose, and not one of the sailors knew what to do. So they went to the lieutenant and ordered him to take command. He refused to do so, unless they put their leaders in irons, and return to duty. This they would not do at first, but as the storm increased, and the lieutenant would not yield in spite of threats of instant death, they finally consented, and the officer brought the ship safely in port, where the principal mutineers paid the penalty of their crime on the gallows. The above may not be founded on fact, but instances could doubtless be found where a single man who was right, by quiet moral courage has gained his point, in the teeth of a howling mob who were in the wrong.

It is, however, hard work to do right, that must be acknowledged, and no one is always right. It costs a great effort to acknowledge that we are wrong, we are so afraid of lowering our dignity by the confession that we are foolish mortals. And yet if we only stop to think, we will find that we increase our dignity by being willing to acknowledge our mistakes. I know men who think they know a great deal. Law, physics, divinity and everything else, are all open books to them, so they think. But to my certain knowledge they do not know what they are talking about, and they have not sufficient moral courage to acknowledge their ignorance and try to amend. Solomon was one of the wisest men who ever lived, but even he did not know every thing. A man may know a good deal about trade, but be profoundly ignorant of how to teach or preach. If he attempts to preach or teach, he would gain nothing and be laughed at in the bargain. He ought to have the moral courage to confess this. If he does not, although he may be physically as brave as Caesar and Samson rolled in one, he is still a moral coward. Moral courage consists of doing right for right's sake, regardless of the applause or censure of the world, and being willing to acknowledge our errors and that we do not know every thing.

EDGAR RAYNSWOOD.

Fighting Trifles.

What a world of trouble, time and nerve irritation would be saved if boys and men, too, would learn not to mind trifling annoyances.

Only the other day we overheard one boy telling another boy what a third boy said about him, and urging him to "lick him!"

"Oh," said the second boy, "'tisen't worth minding! He knows it ain't so, and I won't stoop to his level by taking any notice of it."

We thought that was a very wise head on young shoulders. It reminded us of two men one of whom started on a foot journey of one hundred and fifty miles or so. Two days later the other man followed in the same road, and on the fourth day overtook the first one. The latter remarked:

"This is the worst and slowest road I ever traveled. There is the greatest lot of snarling, barking little dogs I ever saw, and it has taken half my time to drive them off."

"Why," said the second man, "I didn't pay any attention to them, but came right along as if they weren't there."

Half the time of many boys and girls and grown people is wasted in fighting trifles.

A certain circuit judge was always sure of meeting some cutting or sneering remarks from a conceited lawyer, when he came to a certain town in his rounds.

This was repeated one day at dinner, when a gentleman present said: "Judge, why don't you squelch that fellow?"

The judge, dropping his knife and fork, and placing his chin upon his hands and his elbows on the table remarked:

"Up in our town a widow woman has a dog that whenever the moon shines goes out the steps and barks and barks at it all night."

Stopping short he quickly resumed eating.

After waiting some time it was asked: "Well, judge, what of the dog and the moon?"

"Oh," he answered, "the moon keeps on shining!"

Things Worth Knowing.

Spain's coast defences are in a bad way.

The shamrock is growing scarce in Ireland.

Steel nails are now almost exclusively used.

A new town in Florida has been named Bayard?

In the new usage fashionable dinners are not long.

Frozen cream cheese is popular in New Orleans.

A tablet with a back to it like an easel is a new menu card.

Complaint is made that nothing fit to eat can be had in Cuba.

A ton of gold is buried in the graves every year.

A Chinese state banquet sometimes reaches seventy-five courses.

Horse railroads were started in St. Petersburg only twelve years ago.

The White Mountain towns net about \$1,000,000 off summer visitors.

Bog oak and Irish diamond jewels are once more worn in London.

Krupp's newest death-dealer is a 125 ton gun that kills at nine miles.

An Englishman has a full suit made of rat skins. It took 670 skins.

Pennsylvania declined in farm value 15 per cent, between 1870 and 1880.

According to a recent census Greenland contains a population of 10,000.

Oculists predict that we shall become a spectacle nation in fifty years more.

Nearly every village church in Russia has a bottle of water from the Jordan.

A madstone in Sullivan County, N. Y., is valued at \$4,000. It came from Ireland.

In Genoa the policemen wear silk hats and carry silver headed walking sticks.

It was customary in England to applaud the preachers in the pulpit 200 years ago.

The Work of a Band Mill.

Yesterday some remarkable sawing was done at the Munson Susquehanna saw and planing mill, this city, by the Sinker, Davis & Co., band mill. In ten hours it sawed 47,474 feet, about one-half of which was inch lumber, and the balance inch and one-half.

In the afternoon—five hours' work—it sawed over 25,000 feet, the logs

averaging four hundred feet each. This beats the previous record of 33,649 feet by about 9,000 feet. Each log was turned three times, so as to take off all the sides; this caused a loss of time, but quality was not sacrificed for quantity. A remarkable fact is, that the saw was not changed until noon, and the second saw would have run all the afternoon had it not struck a stone at four o'clock. This is the highest known record ever made on a band mill, with white pine logs, in ten hours' running.—*Ex.*

Kansas City.

THANKSGIVING DAY PARTIES—CHRISTMAS CHIMES—PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Thanksgiving Day was passed very pleasantly by the mutes of this city. Several parties were given during the day and a grand ball at Armory Hall in the evening, which was attended by twenty silent couples besides a large number of hearing persons. The fickle queen of fortune having smiled upon the majority of us during the past year, we certainly had occasion to feel very thankful, which was shown in a substantial way by a contribution given to the Provident Aid Society for the benefit of the poor.

Among the social parties given on Thanksgiving Day most worthy of mention was that given by Miss Minnie Strickler. About eight couples were present, and the afternoon was passed very quietly in various games and amusements. Fruit and confectionery was passed around every few minutes, though nobody ate too much, and the evening closed with a most exciting game of whist between two rivals for first choice of partners to the ball.

CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

The spacious parlors of the Hotel Brunswick have been engaged for a grand reception to be given by the mutes of this city on Christmas evening, and invitations have been sent out to the mutes living in the surrounding suburbs. No pains will be spared to make everything pleasant for visitors, and a jolly time is anticipated.

There is some talk in silent circles about getting up a Christmas tree exclusively for the mutes, though it has not been decided as yet.

PERSONAL PARAGRAPHS.

Ex-President Smith, of the Manhattan Literary Association and Mr. Frank Scott, of Leavenworth made it lively for the old gentleman on the south side last week.

J. R. Roswald, of Olathe, was visiting Kansas City friends recently.

Mr. Levi E. Price, wife and daughter, spent Thanksgiving Day at the Langhams.

Rumor says Miss Emma Bolt, of Topeka, was married not long since to a promising young gentleman, of Girard. Good news for our college boy.

Several days ago, Herbert L. Johnson and Jacob Dold visited the Institute at Olathe, and say they were quite amused to see the children attempting to eat soup with a fork and cut their meat with a spoon, etc.

E. S. Beetle, of St. Louis, is now living—on free lunches—at Holden. Anyway, he is not to blame, for he has a right to live even in these hard times.

Mrs. Jonathan Greeley has been visiting her parents in Southern Kansas during the past few weeks.

Mr. J. G. Long is working in Wyandotte, and is stopping with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Patton.

Clarence E. Corey, well known from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, is now located at Fort Leavenworth.

Mr. J. F. Smith created quite a sensation by hanging his towel on the door knob of his residence. Several of his neighbors rushed in out of breath to see who was dead, and on finding him and his wife still alive, they asked what "that black cloth" on the door knob meant, which was satisfactorily explained and removed amid a shower of laughter.

"St. Matt." objects to us calling him an "unsophisticated youth," on the ground that he is not very young, and goes on to explain how old he is. Well, we will not use that expression any more in alluding to him, but will hereafter use "old fog" in lieu of the n. y. Guess he will be applying for admission to the home for the aged and infirm pretty soon. Sorry.

CACTUS.

KANSAS CITY, Dec. 5, '85.

COLORADO.

A Laughable Incident.

MULDOONISMS.

(From our Colorado Correspondent.)

The agony is completely over. How would a national convention of dumb peddlers in Chicago do?

The folks at the Institution celebrated Thanksgiving Day on a grand scale. A gorgeous dinner was served. The holiday was spent in many different ways.

Miss Josie Crawford, a former member of the corps of teachers at the school, is now at home in Crested Butte. Her removal was prompted by "offensive partisanship."

M. A. Martindale and his partners are now away up in the region of eternal snow developing a new mine. Besides, Martindale has some very attractive interests on Griffith Mountain. Altitude, 13,000 feet.

Jim H. Purvis vows that the degree of B. A. was conferred upon him when he left Kendall College. He has it concealed in one of his boots. The fact that we never heard of it before leads us to believe he is telling the truth.

There is not a single mate out of employment this winter. Tis well. We hope soon to see some modern improvements in the condition of bachelors. There has not been a wedding or an addition to church for nearly three years.

From all appearances, Elmer A. Ayers has left Colorado for good, the mountainous life having proven too "tuff" for his light constitution. He is now on his way to New Orleans to cast his lot with the sporting fraternity during the Exposition season. His smiling countenance will, of course, be missed by us all.

Everything seems to be busted around Colorado Springs—even the *Index* warbler's head. On this bright, balmy day, we take great pleasure in acquainting the silent world with the fact that the *Index* is the driest sheet in the whole Union, barring none.

Miss Minnie M. Green, of Dumont, has an invitation to spend Christmas at Leadville. We would caution 'em boys to 'ware of her bewitching 'dimples.

Ped B. Baird is wending his way towards the Pacific coast. He is traveling strictly for pleasure.

Mike Coyne requests us to announce that he is not chewing tobacco. He thinks he did not get a good puff in our last letter. Mike, please credit the "goke" to Jack Scott. We are innocent.

Mrs. Kate Mount has taken her departure for Idaho Territory.

It bothers Charley Kelley to know exactly how John Beaton managed to secure four complimentary tickets to the Opera House on Thanksgiving night. Frigid weather when John and S. 'Dun' failed to connect.

Pat Cunningham writes from Aspen that he made a valuable discovery on the mountains last week. Found a ham.

That "cattle story" about Lars Larson's sudden wealth is "honorificolubridity." It's inventor is exactly on a par with General E. N. Bowes. He displays a deviation from the plain path of truth that is refreshing in these days of piebald liars.

"St. Matthew's" venting his spleen on "Cactus" on account of the latter taking occasion to sustain "Free Lance" in the Bust Photo matter, reminds us of the story that "I can't lick you!" shouted a fleeing boy to one who had proved more than his match. "But I can run home and make faces at your little sister!" Precisely the case. Indeed, Cactus is decidedly interesting, and while his views may be antagonistic to those of a number of our people, he is unquestionably a reasoner of much more than ordinary merit. In this connection, we'll wager a box of fragrant havanas against a common seed cigar, that by the time "St. Matt." gets through with him, he will have concluded that he is a cross between a Chieftain and a barbed-wire fence.

No, thank you, Thorpe, of the *Commercial Gazette*, and F. L. We would rather roll a wheel barrow in a brick yard. Ours has been a year of unequalled luck and prosperity in business. For one who struck Colorado several years ago with an Irish bull dog and a case of bronchitis, and afterwards lost the dog, we have caught on in great shape. Since our advent into this grand glorious state, we have gained thirty pounds of flesh; we now kick the beam at 188 pounds. We have lost false friends but gained true ones.

Who contributed that dollar to the Gallaudet Memorial Fund from Colorado, as published in last week's JOURNAL? It is high time the State agent, Prof. (?) Ed. Campbell, should take off his high standing collar and go to work in earnest for the cause. But, after a careful and protracted mathematical calculation, we have discovered that it will require two hundred and forty years, seven months and nine days, for him to indulge in a tumble.

With our whole soul and heart, we hope "Mercury's" trip to the Sunny South will be of immense benefit to his health.

That jolly good fellow, W. J. Beaton, from the celebrated San Juan mining region, turkeyed with us on Thanksgiving Day, looking gay and lively as ever. Regarding his trip on

a streetcar, from Pueblo to Bessemer, the *Daily Chieftain*, of November 22d bleated the following:

"Mr. John W. Beaton, of Silverton, has been in the city, and yesterday he went up to Bessemer on a street car to call upon his friends. He sat reading, the only other passenger in the car being a corpulent lady whose gusseted weight is 250. When the car neared the middle of the large lady, being anxious to get off, called to Beaton to 'pull the strap.' He paid no attention whatever. She spoke up again, quite emphatically. Still the ungallant fellow kept on quietly reading. So it continued for at least a block, the heavy lady finding it too much trouble to pull the bell cord herself. At last a new passenger came aboard, realized the situation and stopped the car. The irate lady passenger, having been carried quite a distance too far, laboriously got off, firing a terrible volley of curse words at Beaton, who was just beginning to realize that something was wrong. Beaton is as deaf as a post."

The chronic peddler, W. D. Cameron is in town, having just fetched up on a box car from the mountains. Particulars in our next letter.

SOLID MULDOON.
DENVER, 12-3-85.

Baltimore.

Just half an hour before the departure of the 6:25 p.m. train at Hillen Station, a great crowd might be noticed at a particular place in the depot, and soon the crowd commenced to be more innumerable than ever before in the history of the depot. They were watching with a great deal of interest (we wonder if never before) how curiously the mutes were clapping with their fingers and hands. "They look lively," said a stranger to your correspondent, "Aren't they going to spend a pleasant time in the country?" "Of course, they are, to Glen Falls, where they expect to spend the whole night in dancing and other amusements," said your scribe. At a quarter of six seats were taken in the cars by the gay party, and at half-past six o'clock the train emerged from the depot and the faces presented a brighter appearance than while in the station building.

As soon as the train reached its proper station, all hopped out gaily and were escorted to the country residence of Mr. Francis La Motte, brother-in-law of Mr. Joseph H. Linton, who gave the party and extended the greatest courtesy to the new comers.

Wishing to transport the whole group to the house from the station, Mr. Linton had fixed up a large wagon well strewn with straw. On its way to the house, the party were bright as a new dollar, notwithstanding the rough condition of the road. They were tortured by the bumping up and down of the wagon, and frequently a fair one screamed, believing it would be overturned when the bumping became extra lively.

After fixing everything snug at the house, the groups were tendered a hearty supper, which was amply spoken to. Mr. H. J. Gill delivered a short address in honor of the feast, and was followed with a prayer by Mr. James Wells.

When this was over, the gentlemen with their partners went into an adjoining room to wait till the dining-room was cleared. This was done quickly, and every kind of game according to the person who suggested it, was indulged in.

Mr. James Wells was very fortunate as he brought several games with him, such as Rebus, A. B. C., Riddle's conundrums and puzzles, games of "Authors" and a few others.

Mr. R. E. Underwood was not noticed to dance much, and we were made to believe his new shoes were too small and pinched his toes badly. He seems to be a favorite among married people.

Mr. J. H. Mooney kept the company in a continuous laugh by his wit and humor. He came up with his "Belle" Carey.

One thing which needs comment was "Prof." Billy McElroy, our fat corn-fed porker, and in fact as lively as a billy goat. He had charge of every arrangement suggested, and we thought his feet would drop off at any moment. He pleased the audience by giving them a funny story of the old man in the watermelon patch, which was highly appreciated.

Mr. Joseph, the Venus of the 4th of July, had crept down town and filled his pockets with fire-crackers, as large as the biggest banana in market. Three salutes were given in honor of the celebration.

To describe every person is impossible, and we will now give the names of those who were present: Miss S. A. Elton, Mrs. Sarah E. Hartley, of Pittsburgh, Pa., Miss Ella Perogy, Mrs. L. Morgan, Mr. James Wells, Mrs. Sally Gouley, Mr. Aaron Showman, of Frederick, Md., Mr. Wm. McElroy, Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Amoss, Mr. J. H. Mooney, Mr. R. E. Underwood, Miss A. Carey, Mr. H. Anderson, Mr. A. Knoechel, Mr. Shrom, Misses Fowble and Huber, of Westminster, Md., Miss Maggie La Motte, Mr. Wm. Lloyd, brother of Gov. Lloyd, of Maryland, Messrs. Frank and John La Motte, Mr. H. J. Gill and others.

It was reported that many were left behind in Baltimore for being unable to catch the train.

At midnight refreshments were served and ample justice was done. Then other games were indulged in till seven o'clock in the morning, when breakfast was served.

After this was over, the party made arrangements to leave for their respective destinations on the 7.30 a.m. train, reaching the city an hour and a half later.

Most of the party, which was so gay at the early start, seemed to be worn out for lack of sleep, but the jolliest ones, who looked as if they never wanted sleep, were Messrs. McElroy, Showman, and Knoechel. The latter did not leave until evening, for he had a desire to look around the town and

enter into a raffle contest for a turkey—a fat gobbler—but he did not have it when he reached the city.

Those to whom invitations had been sent and did not respond, will regret their inability to be present.

From top to bottom, everything was the grandest tendered by Mr. Francis La Motte, and his kindness shall never be forgotten. The house in which this gentleman is living is one hundred years old.

The entertainment took place on the night before Thanksgiving day.

VARIETIES.

Mr. John Bull, of Fairview, Md., brought his wife and child to Mr. La Motte's house on Thanksgiving evening thinking it the day selected for the entertainment, but to his regret found it had passed off the previous night.

Your correspondent, while promenading the corridors of a prominent hotel, had a chance to catch a glimpse of Boston's pride, John L., and his pet, "pug," as powerful as himself. He is playing statuary impersonations with Muldoon, the world's Græco Roman wrestler in Lester's Minstrels for a week.

The *Maryland Bulletin* in its editorial column in response to the deaf-mute printer's letter to the *Vis-a-Vis* accusing our paper of having poor composers, owing to Superintendent's employing teachers who have not much time to act in the capacity of foreman is perfect in every argument. We do not know of any poor composers in this city, who have been under their instructions. Every one has a responsible position in the leading daily and weekly papers. This statement can be easily corroborated, if that journeyman printer can pay his fare to this city.

Yours truly,
ANTI-REP.

Dec. 4, '85.

A few Dots from North Carolina.

Thanksgiving Day was pleasantly spent. A visit to the Insane Asylum filled up the forenoon, and the brisk walk through the crisp autumn air brought the pupils home with fine appetites for the ample feast which awaited them. The little folks, especially, enjoyed the roast turkey and attendant "goodies" prepared by our considerate housekeeper.

The evening was given up to jollity and mirth; and the hours were chased away "with flying feet."

We are pleased to learn that Frank Lindsay thinks of coming here to school after Christmas. He will be quite an acquisition to our little community and will be warmly welcomed.

Our Institution is now thoroughly heated with excellent new steam radiators; and we snap our fingers at Jack Frost. Another late addition to the conveniences of the Institution, is a steam laundry.

Miss Marshall is spending the Thanksgiving holidays with friends in Warrenton.

Mr. Melton Johnson, a former pupil, who left school two or three years ago, before the expiration of his allotted time, has returned to finish his education.

Mr. E. M. Goodwin, who was elected last summer to fill the vacancy caused by the withdrawal of Mr. J. E. Ray, is fast making himself master of the sign-language, and promises to be an excellent teacher.

Last month, we had the pleasure of a visit from Mr. Walter L. Bingham. He is much improved in health, we were glad to note.

A very dainty little lady has recently arrived at the house of Mr. D. Tillinghast; and although she is number six, there seems to be plenty of room for her in every heart; indeed papa unhesitatingly pronounces her the flower of the family, and confidently predicts that she will be the cause of many a heart ache, say in the course of 17 or 18 years.

One pleasant afternoon, about a week or so ago, while all were quietly and pleasantly employed, to! and behold there suddenly appeared Miss Baird, gracefully attired in her riding habit by the side of our new teacher, and was watched with great admiration, for indeed she made a pretty picture, managing her horse so expertly.

We regret very much to state that Mr. Thomas Tillinghast, a sufferer from asthma, has again been unfitted for duty, but hope a change will soon take place and a speedy recovery granted him by one who "loveth whom he chasteneth."

DIONÆA MUSCIPULA.

Notice.

Services in the signs will be held, God willing, on Sunday, December 13, as follows: At 11 a.m., in Trinity Chapel, Newark, to which all of that city and vicinity are cordially invited. At 3 p.m., in Christ Church, Bedford Ave., Brooklyn, E. D., where our service will be held in the side-aisle of the church, to avoid the disturbance otherwise caused by the Sunday School.

A Lecture.

INDIANAPOLIS, Dec. 7, 1885.

By Mr. S. J. Vail's request, Mr. N. Field Morrow will lecture on "The Noble Character of Thos. H. Gallaudet," in aid of the Gallaudet Memorial Fund, on December 18th, at 8 p.m., in the chapel of Christ Episcopal Church, All deaf-mutes of Indianapolis and vicinity are expected to attend. Admission, 15 cents.

S. J. VAIL.

NEW YORK.

A Benevolent Association Organized.

FAIR NOTES.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

As is well known about two months ago Mr. W. A. Bond gave notice in the JOURNAL that a meeting would be held on the 9th of November, and this widely circulated paper brought about sixty persons to the meeting last month. After some debating upon the question as to whether such an association could successfully be organized, notice was given for another meeting on the 30th of November. About thirty persons responded to the call. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, the presiding officer, was not present, and so in his stead Mr. Campbell was appointed chairman for the time being. The matter was again discussed by Messrs. Bond, Soper, Bryan, Tom Brown, and others. Mr. Bond moved for an informal ballot, but was opposed by Mr. Bryan, and, therefore, a vote was taken which resulted in Mr. Bond's favor. The vote brought nineteen in favor of the organization of an association, and two opposed to it, with six blanks. The Secretary *pro tem.* was requested to solicit the names of those present who were willing to become members—their initiation fee and dues, which is to be \$1 annually, to be paid at the next meeting, for which the chairman is to fix a date. Nine members, and who are to be known as the charter members, were enrolled. Now the selection of a chairman *pro tem.*—till the regular officers are to be elected—was in order, and after a vote by members only, Mr. A. L. Thomas was elected unanimously. Mr. Thomas said he was unable to tell at present, but said he would make it known through the JOURNAL, and as January was favored, it will be some day in that month. Nine members are quite a good number for a beginning, and as each will try and induce their friends to join, a large number of members is anticipated.

The object of the organization is to help bury the dead, which will relieve Dr. Gallaudet of the trouble as well as save his time and money. But as the object is only a faint idea of its future character, and there are yet no Constitution and By-Laws, more about it would be superfluous.

Many a time there have appeared in the JOURNAL in italics "Scientific Times" and of late "Commercial News." This was owing to the fact that the editor of this paper is very liberal in all dealing with the mutes, and hence this credit is due to him. He had in his employ a mute compositor and a reporter last summer. But his good work has not yet ended in this respect. This week he has put on the staff of reporters Mr. Alex. L. Pach, of whom the readers of this paper know well. He is not to report in this city, but his field will embrace every city and town outside of this city, although he will have his home here.

J. M. Stout arrived in this city last week from New England, where he had made a clear profit of \$400 within a few weeks. He was, as before announced, at the Nashua Levee, and said it was a good affair for the size of the town, and accounted the small attendance to the weather clerk, of whom we will evidently have more to say. We went to Perth Amboy to attend to his business, that of sculptor and modeller.

To-day, throughout the land every deaf-mute educated at deaf and dumb institutions, is fully aware of the birthday of our benefactor Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. To-day, away over the land, in California, the day is observed; away down south the same state of things prevail, and so does it far up in Canada and hereabouts, and we but await the next issue of this paper with accounts of entertainments and other ways in which funds will have been obtained.

A boy baby was born to Mr. and Mrs. James Russell two weeks ago, but died shortly after its birth. Mr. and Mrs. Russell have the sympathy of their many friends.

The weather, this Monday, is such as the weather clerk himself does not like. Our numb thumb prevents us from writing more on this subject.

Messrs. Rose, Durian, Fomire, J. B. Lloyd and Haight, were seen on Broadway, making purchases Saturday, and then they went to visit one of the ocean steamers, the "Oregon," which will soon bear from our midst one whose company we have enjoyed and personally respected and esteemed him.

The *Commercial News*, of this week, among other things about the exhibit of the New York Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at the fair, says:

"There is no exhibit at the Fair of the American Institute that has attracted so much attention from the most intelligent class of people as that of the work of the pupils of the New York Institution for the instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, an organization that has been in existence since 1818—a record of sixty-seven years. It would not be possible to overestimate the value of the work that has been done by this great institution during its sixty-seven years of existence. It has made thousands who would otherwise have been hopeless dependents, useful and respected members of society. It only need be added that the institution is at 1224 Street and the Eleventh avenue boulevard. The grounds cover about twenty-eight acres of grounds and visitors are at all times welcomed."

The American Institute Fair closed Saturday.

We were the happy recipient of a dime from "Free Lance," which we are to invest in a Henry Clay.

Among the visitors to the fair last week, were Mr. and Mrs. Heyman, Mr. Barnes and Miss Noble, Messrs. Campbell and Cornelius and Rev. Father Freeman.

As "Anti-Rep." suggests a Tower of Babel in this city, the Mayor might unhesitatingly let him do the contracting.

Myron R. Palmer left this city for his home in Albany, last week. He was on Blackwell's Island one day on a visit.

TED.

CLEVELAND, O.

Thanksgiving Day has come and gone. Here it was observed in the usual manner. Services were held in nearly all the churches. Rev. Mr. Mann, as has been his custom, also held services at Grace Church, and from what we had heard, a good number of mutes attended. However, the chief event of the day, and one which will long be remembered, was the party. It was held at No. 424 Woodland Avenue, in which the families of Messrs. Carroll and Bard occupy suites of adjoining rooms. These were thrown open, thus affording plenty of space. The festivities were begun in the forenoon, and continued throughout the whole day and far into the night. Those who came in the forenoon were treated to a sumptuous dinner, which would tempt the inner man of the most fastidious. Want of space forbids us to go into the minute details of the dinner, so we will only state that it was something excellent, and everything in season. In the afternoon, many others who had engagements elsewhere in the forenoon put in their appearances. By the time we arrived (4 o'clock) all expected were there and various games with chance cards were in progress. We no sooner had entered when we were given a sound lecture for having missed such a good dinner. We assured all that we had come outside of a generous part of a large Cuyahoga County turkey, plum pudding, mince-pie, etc., besides doing the service equal to a bottle of Mumm's Extra Dry. In short that our inner man had no cause to kick. This satisfied all that we had not been left to starve. After a while cards were put aside and a few square dances were gone through. This was followed by Fox and Geese, and a few other games. At about 8 o'clock all were ushered into an adjoining room, where was a well spread table of luncheon. This over, the rest of the evening was spent in pleasant social chat, joking, etc. Towards midnight the party broke up, and the guests took their departure for "Home, Sweet Home," ostensibly to pass the rest of the night in rest, but really to renew the battle with turkey. Thus ended one of the most pleasant social events held in Cleveland.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Carroll, Mr. and Mrs. Bard, Mr. and Mrs. Sawhill, Mr. and Mrs. Spangs, Mr. and Mrs. Reading, Mr. Alfred Moines, of Canton, Mr. Viets, Mr. Weber, Miss Burrell, Miss Sawhill, and Mr. Hagy and Mr. Polton, and several others whose names we are unable to recall to memory. At the game of "Old Maid," Miss Burrell was noticed to have held that detestable card a number of times, and finally became as superstitious as Dinah.

Miss Sawhill was seen to blush like a school Miss whenever talking with a gentleman.

Messrs. Bard and Reading have joined the Shoemaker's Assembly, Knights of Labor. Both attended the annual ball of the Assembly on Thanksgiving eve.

Mr. Polton has rented a house on the south side, which he has ready furnished to receive his—Guess whom.

Alfred Moines, of Canton, O., ate his turkey in Cleveland. He is a soap maker.

Strange, isn't it, there is hardly a single subscriber to the *Vis-a-Vis* found in Cleveland. The *Advance* is unknown.

Cleveland mutes have not yet done much towards contributing to the Gallaudet Memorial. They evidently don't take any more stock in monuments (busts too), or else ain't got the mines of Peru in their pockets.

FORESTER.

12-5-85.

A Correction.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE JOURNAL.—Permit me to correct, in all good feeling, a mistake which your Newark correspondent makes in his last issue, by declaring the undersigned "satisfied with having only learnt the sign-language well enough to convey his ideas." The statement, if true, that the student of eighteen months, in any language, feels satisfied with the completeness of his attainments in it, proves him to be lacking in common sense. Every acquired language is easier for the learner to use than for him to understand, when others use it. Especially is this true about the signs. The Superintendent of a neighboring State Institution, told the writer that six years elapsed before he felt reasonably sure of understanding, at once, whatever was said to him by signs. Not *self-satisfaction*, therefore, but *years of work* lie between the ability to use the sign-language and that of readily and unmistakably understanding it, when acquired outside the walls of an Institution.

ANSON T. COLT.

NEW YORK, Dec. 4, 1885.

Subscribe for the JOURNAL.

FANWOOD.

Another Hare and Hounds Chase.

FOOT-BALL.

(From our Fanwood Correspondent.)

Another Hare and Hounds chase took place last Saturday, December 5th. The hounds were M. McMickle, Sinclair, Fogle, McKershan, Salmond, Mooney, Brockman, McConnell, and Morrissey. The hares were Wm. McVea and Chas. Mull, who were trailed up hill, down dale, over fences, through woods, and across private property, etc., while the air was full of shouts from little boys and girls, and bow-wow-wows from real canines, that at places the extraordinary appearance of running and panting boys gave them the impression that they were either runaway convicts or a pack of lunatics. At Kings Bridge, Mull's wind gave out, and he was triumphantly captured by Austin Sinclair. McVea, the other hare, was cornered up near a swamp and the only alternative he had to escape capture was to jump in. So he did, and waded up to his knees, but his pursuer did likewise. Still they waded out into deeper water, but McVea being an expert swimmer, with more endurance than the average boy, swam out of reach, notwithstanding the cold December water. Many chases have taken place in the past, but nine out of ten the hares were never captured, so the capture of Mull is an instance of unusual triumph for the hounds, as a glance in the boys' sitting room that evening made it apparent by animation seen only on an occasion of this kind.

There is a great deal of talk among the pupils about the forthcoming Entertainment and Reception of the Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union, on the 29th. As many of them will be spending the holidays in the city, it is very likely they will attend.

Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, our honored and beloved Principal, celebrated the 61st anniversary of his birth on the 4th.

Walter B. Peet, President of the Fanwood Literary Association, has appointed Messrs. Fomire, Houck, and Thompson as readers.

The first game of foot ball took place on Thursday last, and was very exciting. Only one touch down each were gained on both sides. As yet, there has been no regular team organized, but it is expected that there will be soon. Since then, exciting scrimmages have taken place, and we were told that Master Bettels in his excitement, hugged a telegraph pole, thinking it was one of his opponents.

William Slattery has just arrived in New York after a four months' stay in Syracuse, N. Y., where he has been lasting shoes. He was at Fanwood last Friday.

Willie Rose has decided to take passage for London on the "Oregon," of the Cunard Line, Saturday, January 23d. This date would be very agreeable to his friends who wish to see him off.

Mrs. Rogers has vacated her position as a housekeeper. A Miss Doyle is her successor.

One of the most evenly contested debates that has ever excited the members of the Peet Literary Society, took place last Friday evening, on the subject, "Do low wages tend to increase labor and stimulate inventions?" Ulysses G. Dunn bravely defended the affirmative, and William H. Rose forcibly argued in favor of the negative, but the members voted it a tie by 7 to 7. The Vice-President's decision, however, decided the negative victoriously. The volunteers were—for affirmative, W. F. Durian, and for negative, J. H. Geary.

There has been a Fair held under the auspices of the Church of the Intercession, on 158th Street and Grand Boulevard, on Thursday of last week. As usual, many of the ladies connected with the Institution were visitors.

It is reported that F. R. Stryker, while returning from one of his calls here one dark evening, was waylaid by night prowlers.

Willie Rose devotes the greater part of his time to printing now, since his departure for the old world is drawing near.

Our Professor of Articulation, Mr. E. H. Currier, has been enjoying a visit from his parents at his cosy residence on Washington Heights, for the past two or three weeks. His father is over eighty years old, and his mother has seen seventy-five winters, yet they both are hale and hearty as any youth of sixty summers. At the breaking out of the Civil War, Mr. Currier's father was Collector of the port of Newburyport, Mass., and seized the first vessel under the law confiscating property of rebellious States.

We are told that Frank D. Jourdan has secured a good job in Pittsfield, Mass., after being unsuccessful in Albany.

Henry Heyl, of Dunkirk, called on his friend Walter B. Peet last Monday.

The lawn in front of the teachers' dining room is as green as in June, but last Monday the boys made a rush to the neighboring ponds to skate. It was extremely cold Sunday and Monday, and very few enjoyed it.

Supervisor Emmons is agent for the photographs left behind by Randal Douglas. There are about 150 in all,

consisting mainly of views of main school and the shop building. Supervisor Howell was telegraphed to the bedside of his dying aunt week.

The American Institute Fair closed last week, and the exhibit of work done by the pupils has been brought back. The Institution captured a bronze medal, which testifies to the merit of their work.

AQUILA.

The Memory of our Dead.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the room when she feels,
For the first time, her first born's breath;
Come when the blessed souls
That close the pestilence are broken,
And crowded cities wait its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet, song, and dance and wine,
And thou art terrible—the tears, the form,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

—Halleck.

One of the most solemn sights, one can witness, is a soldier's funeral. The long line of uniformed men, marching with measured tread and arms reversed to the side, wailing music of the band, is calculated to produce the saddest feelings. "But when the dead soldier has been buried all changes. The band strikes up a lively tune and the soldiers step briskly. It would seem that the design was to have all sorrow banished immediately after the death volley has been fired. A great many people seem to have that idea. As soon as the earth covers the coffin of a friend all mention of him ceases, unless a lying tombstone, inscribed with virtues which the deceased did not possess, can be considered as a memorial. Every one possesses some virtues, even the worst man that ever lived does not lack them, but no one possesses as many as the tombstones and funeral orators give some men credit for. I once heard of a minister who delivered a long funeral address over the coffin of a rich man, in the course of which he praised him for his liberality to the poor, while everybody who knew him knew that a greater skintiff never lived. On the other hand, I felt a great temptation one to kick a parson down stairs at a funeral because in the course of his address he said, "Of the faults and sins of the deceased we will not speak." Said deceased was very far from having been a good man. I was fully aware, but I thought if dominie had done his duty he would either have spoken out or else have been silent. His insinuation struck me as being cowardly. As a general rule, when you cannot say a good word for a dead person it is better to be silent, but if any good can be done by alluding to the faults of those who are gone, of course it should be done.

No one likes the idea that when he is gone he will be forgotten. It adds to the bitterness of death, to think that as soon as the coffin lid has closed over us all memory of us among the living will be banished. Those who believe that there is no hereafter are greatly to be pitied, because they have no hope of a reunion with their friends in another world, and as their friends die in this they will soon be forgotten. Years ago, when I was a boy, two of my sisters, little children, died, and yet although a quarter of a century has rolled by, I often think of them and hope to meet them in a world where there will be no more pain or sorrow. After all, death is merely the door that separates the living from the dead—a door through which we all must sooner or later pass, when our friends go on a journey we do not forget them, because we hope to meet them again, why should we banish the memory of our dead friends from our minds? They have merely gone on a journey, and although they will never return to us, we will go to them, and although of course no one can tell certainly, still I firmly believe that when we meet will know each other, and resume the friendship at the joint where it was broken off by death.

In some parts of Europe there is a custom of visiting the graveyards on a certain day. Until recently no such custom existed in America, but now we have Decoration Day. It is a good custom, for it prevents the dead from being forgotten. Graveyards should be beautiful, there is no necessity of their being hideous. They should be places where the living would be willing to go and spend a few hours meditating on how soon they would occupy a place beside their dead kindred and preparing for the great change. When a man is in good health, he seldom thinks of death, and so everything that would tend to make him think seriously of it

Deaf-Mute Teachers.

The discussion upon the unjust discrimination as practised by certain institutions upon deaf and hearing teachers, many writers here and elsewhere have either mildly criticised the subject, or boldly dissented from the facts. It is easy to trace the spirit of these criticisms to the proper source. Some have written without having had long experience in the profession; those are mere tyros who have cut their wisdom teeth too early in the profession, and are the ones that crowd the longest because they know the least. Such forward youngsters, who had doubtless acted in a "foolish" spirit, as the expression goes, had better lay down their oars and wait until their beards grow gray.

That anybody could deny the truth of the allegation that deaf-mute teachers as a class are trodden down and subjected to gross injustice, has been a matter of wonder to me. The facts all point that way, and such facts as can be gleaned will be related here, at full length. Some writers, like Prof. Dobyns, of Mississippi, have cited isolated cases of equality between deaf and hearing teachers as an evidence against the fact. With isolated cases, my previous argument had nothing whatever to do, but the generality of the injustice in the profession is what we have a right to complain of. Two questions will make the point clear, and prove the truth of my statements at the same time, viz. 1. What is the highest salary paid to deaf teachers, at the present time, leaving Prof. Wing and the college professors out of the discussion? You answer \$1,200. 2. What is the highest salary paid to hearing teachers anywhere? You say \$2,000 or more.

Well, that settles the point. Why should not deaf teachers be paid \$2,000 provided that they deserved the same amount for their efficiency as their hearing brethren do? Tell me that, if you can. I am well aware that in some institutions, the salaries of deaf and hearing teachers are graded according to age and experience with equal impartiality, but that is not the point I wish to discuss. Prof. Dobyns is far astray of the mark. If one good teacher deserves a salary of \$2,000 a year, so does another whether he is deaf or otherwise. The personal view of one defect should never enter into the question at all. Who but idiots or falsifiers would deny that there exists an unmistakable prejudice against the employment of the deaf in high positions of trust. That there are few exceptions to this general distrust, I am perfectly well aware and need none to remind me of it, but those exceptions simply prove the rule, and it is the rule that I am speaking of. This lack of confidence was manifested centuries and centuries ago, as everybody is aware, for deaf persons were denied every human right to the enjoyment of life, liberty and happiness. It was considered impossible to teach them. It was only through the heroic perseverance of those whom we call our benefactors that the truth was at last proved beyond doubt or cavil to the world, that a deaf person could be taught to communicate in one way or other with the rest of the world, and not only that, but also could be rendered self-supporting as well as any other members of society. The ancient prejudice founded upon ignorance and superstition, has been gradually overcome by the experience of one century, but will anybody be foolish enough to deny that the shadow of that old, exploded prejudice, still rests upon us? If there is any one so bold as to deny the truth, let him explain the reason that in two large institutions, the Board of Trustees had voted to exclude deaf teachers entirely from their institutions and they have substituted totally inexperienced lady teachers in their stead. If that is not prejudice of the strongest kind, I would like to know what it is.

One thing must be made plain, if we wish to combat this lingering prejudice and secure justice, no more nor less, to ourselves in pursuits where everything depends upon skill alone, we must assert our claims to justice or we will never receive it, or at first only by degrees, until it might be too late to enjoy it.

"Merit will win the day," one critic has said. Well, does merit in a deaf teacher win \$2,000 at this late day, generally speaking? You are out, there, Prof. Dobyns. And if it has won in the case of Prof. Wing, who is entitled to the credit of it? I have observed with much pain and regret an attempt upon the part of a few deaf teachers to depreciate the value of Dr. Gillett's services in thus "forsaking the beaten track" and setting a generous example in behalf of justice. Even though Dr. Gillett did his duty, his credit is none the less. Upon the same principle, the first Dr. Gallaudet deserves no credit for having done his duty in teaching the deaf. Away with such false sophistry and its hollow-hearted votaries, I'll have none of it. Any man who breaks through the force of habit or custom, leaving the ruts in which others are either satisfied to plod along or afraid to depart from, is a benefactor of humanity. A man who made two blades of grass to grow where but one grew before, is worthy of all praise.

Has the precocious young rooster that crows too soon and too often over the editorial chair of the Minnesota Mutes Companion carefully perused the weighty Reports of the conventions of teachers and principals for several preceding years? No? Well, you ought to have done so before you set yourself up for a judge about what you know not! I never did Supt. Noyes

any injustice in the discussion. I knew that he desired to retain Prof. Wing at \$1,800 or more, but his hands were tied, and he had no power to detain the Wing that was bound to fly to other parts. Any one who thought otherwise, had precious little sense to read plain English.

Now, so the people have said that the injustice referred to is purely a matter of business, regulated by the principle of supply and demand. Deaf teachers are willing to work for small salaries, and that there are hundreds of them. This seems very plausible but it is singular that such critics have overlooked other facts which contradict the above statement. It is true that deaf teachers are willing to begin on small salaries, trusting to an increase in time, but there are no hearing persons in this wide world who are willing to accept small salaries upon the same grounds? Turn to page 107 of the Proceedings of the Tenth Convention of American Instructors, held at Jacksonville in 1882, and you will read what Dr. Gillett said: "I could show you a bushel of applications on file in my office to take persons as instructors into the institution, and sometimes I have had some very animated conversations with excellent friends who want to put their young friends into the corps of instructors, and persons, sometimes, with those to whom I am exceedingly sorry to say, No. A good woman came to me some months ago and recommended a young person who was thought well qualified. I said, 'Certainly, I would be glad to employ an experienced teacher; how long has this person taught?' 'Ah,' she said, 'she has never taught any yet.'"

There are plenty of hearing people, who would be glad to get a small-salaried position in any calling, in these hard times, when every profession, every line of trade is crowded. To argue the contrary would imply little knowledge of the world. This being granted, what then is the reason that deaf teachers of approved ability are not paid as high as the favored few hearing instructors are? Isn't this a plain case? It is not the salary that I care for, as much as the principle of the thing. I have seen better work done by a \$1,200 teacher than a \$2,000 one. It is all the same to me. I have no axe to grind, and if I stay where I am long enough, I expect to get as much as I may be fitted to—no more, nor less.

If Dr. Gillett is not the best friend we have, I don't know who is. Look at page 265 of the last Conference of Principals at Minnesota, and note well what Dr. Gillett said: "A trustee of another institution came to visit me a few weeks ago—who had got the thought in his mind that seemed to be almost ineradicable, that a deaf teacher could not successfully teach, and I took him to a room; said I, 'here is a class that never had any other than a deaf teacher, and I challenge you to produce any class, that ever was taught by a person who could hear or speak that you ever saw, where better results have been produced and brought about than in the case of this teacher.' It may be imagined how dumfounded this skeptical Trustee was.

In the face of the above experience, there are persons who will deny that we are not accorded fair and equal justice, generally speaking. If ever the day comes, when the limit of deaf teachers' salaries is fixed at \$2,000 or more, upon the same footing as that of hearing instructors, Dr. Gillett will have the credit of starting it. His courage in disregarding worldly customs will incite other principals to the same duty, for a duty it is of honor and justice. Other principals could point to the Supt. of the Illinois Institution in support of their demands, in case they should be bold enough to request as much compensation for their teachers as is granted elsewhere. It is no secret that the salaries paid to both deaf and hearing teachers are scarcely large enough for their support, and totally inadequate for their services, and if the limit of their salaries in every state is increased to over \$2,000, it would be well.

I am glad I have started an agitation upon the matter, and care not who is hit. Let him whom the coat fits, wear it.

HENRY C. WHITE.

Fashion Notes.

Plain jersey remains in favor. Mull embroidered ties are again popular. Worth is stanch in his declaration of no crinoline. A new wrap is a cape with sleeves made of plush, velvet or sealskin. The rage for sashes and sash effects at the back of the dress increases. Walking skirts are as long as possible without touching the ground. Very dressy costumes are made wholly of wool net over colored satin. White boucle plush bonnets will be worn for dress hats this winter. Black under-skirts, to be worn next the dress, will be generally used this winter. Bretelles or V shaped trimmings, are most in favor on dress waists and mantles. Lacing of braid or cord is much used on cloth and wool dresses, both on the basque and skirt. There is a fancy for the old-fashioned quilted skirt, made of black alpaca or farmer's satin. Gay Roman striped sashes are very effective when worn over a costume of black satin or velvet. New waterproofs come in velvet finished surfaces and various colors, and in imitation of mixtures and fine checks.

In dressy costumes there is a greater fullness in the skirts with full draperies, and the effect is given of one skirt opening over another.

In the new millinery accoutrements are rich and beautiful scarfs and ribbons of raised velvet, and embroidered plush and satin, of which a little goes a great way.

London increases its population by 46,000 every year. It has 1,000 ships and 10,000 sailors in its port every day. Its beer shops and liquor saloons would, if placed side by side, form a row seventy-eight miles long. Thirty-eight thousands drunks are brought before its magistrates every year, and every Sunday seventy miles of open shops invite the purchaser to enter.—New York Tribune.

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GRAND PANTOMIC ENTERTAINMENT

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OF THE

CATHOLIC LITERARY

UNION

OF DEAF MUTES,

AT THE

Lexington Avenue Opera House,

58th Street bet. 3d and Lexington

Avenues.

Tuesday Evening, December 29, 1885.

Music by Prof. R. E. Sause.

TICKETS (including admission to Reception and reserved seats) according to location: 75, 50 and 25 CENTS EACH.

The play will be under the management of John F. O'Brien.

The hall is one of the finest in New York City, has been used by all the leading amateur dramatic companies, and is specially adapted for entertainments of this kind. It is within easy reach of all the elevated and uptown horse-car railroads.

The merits of the pantomime, we leave to the judgment of the critics who may be present. Our stage manager, Mr. James Williams, is a gentleman capable of handling an entertainment of this sort, and to whom is due much of the success of the pantomime given in Xavier Hall last year.

First come will be first served. So those desiring choice would do well to make their purchase of tickets as early as possible, and thus, besides insuring a good seat, do away with having to wait at the box office on evening of entertainment.

The reception will be given at 10:30, and will prove as attractive as any of our previous affairs. Supper will be served in the hall at city prices, ranging from 25 cents to as high as persons ordering same may desire.

Persons desiring to engage private boxes or boxes in gallery, should address Chairman as below.

Tickets can be secured in advance by applying W. O. Pownall, 75 South 10th Street, Williamsburg, or from any of the members and at the Journal Office.

Further particulars given later.

Committee of Arrangements:

W. O. POWNALL, Chairman.

JOHN LLOYD, JR., J. E. J. TRESCHE,

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We take pleasure in announcing the publication of a memento of Deaf-Mute Education in the United States, which will at once commend itself to all interested in that subject. It consists of a card, 6 1/2 x 9 inches, beautifully executed in

Eleven Colors and in Gold.

The design shows, among other interesting subjects, a portrait of

REV. THOS. GALLAUDET

founder of the first school for the Deaf in America; a view of

THE HARTFORD SCHOOL

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Exquisite Bouquet of Roses and Violets, and a blank space for the insertion of a name. Nothing of the kind has ever been offered to the public, nor has anything at once so beautiful and so useful ever been sold for the trifling sum asked for these cards.

OPINIONS OF IMPARTIAL CRITICS.

From The National College.

E. M. GALLAUDET, Ph.D., LL.D., the President of the National Deaf-Mute College, Washington, D. C., says: "The design is a pleasing one and the combination of colors very good."

FROM THE EDITOR OF "THE ANNALS."

PROF. E. A. FAX, of the National College, writes: "I have looked at the card you sent Dr. Gallaudet, and think it is in very good taste. The combination of colors is harmonious and the general effect is pleasing."

PROF. HORTON, of the National College, gives his opinion of the design, thus: "If you will only supply the irrepresible class of deaf-mute peddlers with it, in place of the worthless pictures they now sell at exorbitant prices, you will deserve to be crowned a public benefactor."

From The Hartford School.

MR. JOB WILKINS, Principal of the American Asylum for the Deaf (Hartford), says: "I think the cards are neat and tasteful. *** Your idea of a prize card of this nature for those who are accustomed to give prizes is a good one, and you have carried it out well."

The Philadelphia Institute.

MR. JOSHUA FORTER, ex-Principal of the Penn. Inst. for the Deaf, writes: "I do not think that my judgement in regard to work of an artistic nature is worth much, but my opinion as to the merits of this card is certainly favorable."

PRINCIPAL A. L. E. CROUTER, thus speaks of the work: "I consider your card the best of the kind I have ever seen. Every deaf child should have one, and all persons desirous of learning the manual alphabet should hasten to become the possessor of one or more of them. I predict a great demand for your cards, and I regret to say you upon the taste and skill with which it has been prepared."

Western Pennsylvania Institution.

ALFRED PARSONS, G. M. Treasurer of the Western Pennsylvania Institution for the Deaf, writes: "I will say the card is the best thing of the kind I have ever seen. The design is pleasing and artistic; the letters are well formed and in proper position. *** It is a beautiful card, and I have no doubt will be gladly received in every family where there is a deaf member."

The Ohio Institution.

PRINCIPAL PRATT says: "I am pleased with it, and should think it would be a ready sale. *** Nicely framed, it seems to me that all who go from the institutions would like to have it."

REV. THOS. GALLAUDET writes: "Your 'Gallaudet Prize Card' is the most beautiful and satisfactory production of its kind I have ever seen. It will come into general use throughout the country."

The Pennsylvania Association.

REV. HENRY W. SYLVE, Pastor of the Deaf-Mute Parish in Philadelphia, and President of the Pennsylvania Association for the Deaf, writes: "The card you have designed forms an elegant emblem of the progress of the education of the Deaf in America from its origin at Hartford, under the first Gallaudet, to its culmination in the college, under his youthful son. The design is graceful, and the coloring remarkably delicate and harmonious. It will form a pleasing memento for any one benefited by or interested in such education."

The New England Association.

PRES. JOHN T. TILGHAMST, of the New England Gallaudet Association, speaks his mind, thus: "I am very much pleased with the card. The alphabet is the best I have ever seen."

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DIRECTORY.

For the convenience of the public, we propose to publish in this column, a DIRECTORY containing a list of Societies, Clubs and Associations of Deaf-Mutes. Every organization is invited to send its cards. Changes will be made as ordered by the Secretaries.

BROOKLYN SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Brooklyn Society of Deaf-Mutes meets every Wednesday evening, at 8 o'clock, in the Tuttle Hall, 198 Grand St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The officers of the Society are: Henry L. Jubring, Pres.; Edward McConville, First Vice-President; Geo. Swartz, Second Vice-President; Charles Green, Secretary; J. P. Ijams, Treasurer; S. B. Smith, Sergeant-at-Arms. Secretary's address is 68 Lee Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

CALIFORNIA DEAF-MUTE ASSOCIATION.

This association is a branch of the Y. M. C. A., of San Francisco. President, Theo. Grady; Vice-President, Martin Aronson; Corresponding Secretary, S. Schiann, and Recording Secretary, Wm. Winslow. Divine services, first and third Sundays, alternate at 11 A. M. in the Church of the Holy Trinity, and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, No. 252 Sutter St., San Francisco, Cal.

CATHOLIC LITERARY AND BENEVOLENT UNION, OF NEW YORK.

The Catholic Literary and Benevolent Union of Deaf-Mutes, meets every Wednesday evening at 8 P. M., in the College Building of St. Francis Xavier, 90 West 10th Street. First and last meetings of the month for members only. Debates every second Wednesday. Lectures every third Wednesday. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general cordially invited. Tuesday and Friday evenings, at 8 o'clock. Regular business meetings, first Thursday in each month. Address all communications to Deaf-Mute Branch, Young Men's Christian Association, 320 Broom Street, New York City.

CINCINNATI ANDERSON SOCIETY.

The Cincinnati Anderson Deaf-Mute Society meets at Pandey's Hall, 192 W. Fifth Street, first Saturday in each month, at 8 o'clock. Officers: J. H. Vance, 201 W. Seventh St., Cincinnati, Ohio; President; Phil Thimmes, Lick Run, Cincinnati, Secretary.

CLERC LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF PHILADELPHIA.

The Clerc Literary Association, a branch of All Souls' Guild, meets every Thursday evening, at 8 P. M., in the lecture room of the Church of the Covenant, Filbert Street above 17th Street. Lectures—every Thursday evening, 8 o'clock. Debates—every Tuesday and Thursday of December and March, and last Thursday of June, which are assigned for quarterly business meetings. Its object shall be the moral and intellectual improvement, and social enjoyment of the members. Chas. H. Sharrar is President, and Daniel Paul, Jr., is the Secretary, and the latter's address is No. 1028 East Montgomery Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

GRANITE STATE DEAF-MUTE MISSION.

The Granite State Deaf-Mute Mission meets every second and fourth Wednesday evening, and elects its officers every other year. The object of the mission is to promote the moral welfare of the mute community in the State. The officers are:—Thomas O'Brien, President; Almos Smith, Treasurer, and Willie E. White, Secretary.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB, OF CHICAGO.

The Pas-a-Pas Club is an organization of Chicago mutes effected with the object of disposing intellectual improvement and moral amusement to its members and friends. Its meetings are held on the first and third Saturday of each month at eight o'clock in the evening, in Ladies' Parlor, third floor, Young Men's Christian Association Building, 145 E. Madison Street. Visitors from out of town are ever welcome. The club is organized as follows: President, Geo. T. Dougherty; Vice President, Edward Kingdon; Secretary, Matt Mulvey; Treasurer, James Watson. Address President or Secretary Pas-a-Pas Club, care Young Men's Christian Association, Chicago.

ST. LOUIS DEAF-MUTE CLUB.

The St. Louis Deaf-Mute Club holds its meetings every Wednesday evening at 8 P. M., in the association, on 11th and Locust Sts. Regular business meeting on the second Saturday in each month, for business only. The purposes of the club are principally of a social nature, but the literary advancements of St. Louis ladies and gentlemen will not be neglected. Lectures will be addressed by the President from time to time, and are welcomed on such occasions. Strangers in town are cordially invited to drop in at any time of the day, and make themselves at home. Officers: President, W. T. Campbell; Vice-President, J. T. Brown; Treasurer, Hugh Lamb; Secretary, William Stafford; Sergeant-at-Arms, Henry McCamley. Address, President or Secretary at 1427 Carr St., St. Louis, Mo.

THE BAY STATE DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN MISSION.

This Mission is for the intellectual, moral, and religious welfare of deaf-mutes in those places where their numbers make it advisable to encourage the formation of Union Societies, for the mutual benefit of all, in their respective localities; to interest all friends of humanity and Christianity in their behalf; to assist in giving extra services to such local Union Societies, which are in need of more services than they can maintain themselves; to offer an additional or extended help to any independent local society, with their co-operation to strengthen the ties of Christian and ministerial brotherhood; and to discuss subjects pertaining to sacred ministry. The officers are: E. W. Frazier, President; A. W. O'Neill, Secretary; Wm. Bailey, Treasurer; and A. C. Hargrave and H. P. Chapman, Executive Committee. Secretary's address, 36 Charlestown St., Boston, Mass.

THE MANHATTAN LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEW YORK CITY.

The Manhattan Literary Association meets every Thursday evening at 8 P. M., in the basement of St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, West 18th St., near 5th Avenue. Its regular business meetings are held every first Thursday of each month, debates every second, and lectures every third. Its object is to improve the moral, intellectual, and social welfare of its members. All communications relating to the Association should be sent to the Secretary, Chas. J. Le Clercq, No. 395 West 41st Street, New York City.

THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION OF DEAF-MUTES.

The New England Gallaudet Association of Deaf-Mutes, named in honor of Thomas H. Gallaudet, is now officiated by John T. Tilghamst, New Bedford, Mass., President; Oscar Kinsman, Vice-President; Philo W. Packard, Treasurer; John F. Donnelly, Secretary. State Managers: A. P. Bond for Maine; J. E. J. Livingstone for New Hampshire; Robert D. Livingstone, Connecticut; F. C. Davis, Massachusetts; A. B. Mosheim, Vermont; and Levi A. Lester, Rhode Island. It is now in its 18th year. Address the Secretary, Woonsocket, B. I.

THE NEW JERSEY DEAF-MUTES LITERARY ASSOCIATION, OF NEWARK.

Meets every two weeks, Thursday evening, at 7:45 sharp, in the Rector Street Chapel in Rector Street near Park Street. The officers of the Association are: President, Daniel J. Ward; Vice-President, Alfred H. Bousfield; 3d Vice-President, John Gottschalk; Treasurer, George Kinney; general Secretary, Robert T. Bailey; Sergeant-at-Arms, Peter Honsel. All communications should be addressed to the Secretary, Robert T. Bailey, 15 Thomas Street, Newark, New Jersey.

(DIRECTORY—CONTINUED.)

THE SALIEM SOCIETY OF DEAF-MUTES.

The Salem Society of deaf-mutes is an unsectarian society, organized in 1876, and meets at its rooms, 228 Essex Street, every Sunday forenoon, for holding services. Bible Class every Sunday afternoon at 2:30 o'clock. P. W. Packard, Permanent Pastor; Hardy P. Chapman, President; William Bailey, Secretary; L. L. Chapman, Treasurer; P. W. Packard and George Mackintosh, Committee; W. K. Bigelow, I. P. Harris, George Peet, Trustees.

THE TROY LITERARY SOCIETY.

The society holds its meetings every Saturday evening at 7:30 P. M., in the Guild room of St. Paul's Church, cor. 3d and State Streets. Its regular meeting for ladies and gentlemen is every two Saturday evenings. The object is for the moral improvement of its members by lectures, debates and story telling. The officers of the society are William T. Collins, President; Chas. A. Smith, Vice-President; T. P. Cheever, Secretary; James C. Ritter, Treasurer, and H. Brown, Sergeant-at-Arms. It also has a Bible Class at the Guild Room every Sunday at 3 o'clock P. M., under the leadership of its members. All deaf-mutes and strangers in town and its vicinity are invited to Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Fride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

WESTERN PENNSYLVANIA DEAF-MUTE PRAYER MEETING OF PITTSBURGH.

The Deaf-Mute Prayer Meeting meets every Thursday evening at 7:30 P. M., in the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sixth Avenue Street, Wood Street. The deaf-mutes also hold Sabbath meetings in the Reformed Presbyterian Church, on 8th street near Duquesne Way St., every Sunday afternoon at two o'clock. Strangers and deaf-mutes in general are cordially invited. All communications relating to the Young Men's Christian Association should be sent to the Committee, H. H. B. McMaster, No. 58 Fride St., Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE FIRST GRAND ANNUAL LEVEE

OF THE WORCESTER COUNTY

DEAF-MUTE CHRISTIAN UNION

WILL COME OFF IN WORCESTER,

On Thursday Even'g, December 31, '85,

AT REFORM CLUB HALL,

400 Main Street.

No pains will be spared to make this one of the grandest times ever held here or elsewhere. There will be many different Games played to win presents; one from each State will be the prizes.

Games are to come as follows: all should study them—1st, Soap Bubble; 2d, Dumb Band; 3d, Game of Checkers; 4th, Game of Dominoes; 5th, a hanging Apple; 6th, the Ten Commandments, both spelling and signs.

Besides the Game Presents, there will be upwards of 150 or 200 other Gifts which cannot all be mentioned. Some of the most valuable gifts are an elegant Silver Ice Pitcher with Mug, etc., all just together. Also there is a large adjustable Easy Chair, a great comfort for Gents or Ladies.

The Ice Pitcher will be on exhibition for two weeks before the Levee in one of our well-known jewelry stores. Remember this will be one of the nearest levees ever held, as no tickets will be sold to any person in the habit of indulging in intoxicating drinks, etc. No attempt will be made to reduce car fares, as the car fares are already so cheap, but ball admittance is reduced from 50 to 25 cents.

Admission to Hall, 25 Cents.

Supper Tickets, 60 "

Children under 12 years, 13 "

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